

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

An Eloquent Discourse on "The Fragrance of the Gospel."

The Robes of Christ Redolent of Sweet and Lasting Perfumes that Penetrate the Innermost recesses of the Christian Life.

In a recent sermon at the Brooklyn Tabernacle Rev. T. De Witt Talmage took for his subject "The Fragrance of the Gospel." His text was:

All thy garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia out of the ivory palaces.—Psalms xlv. 8.

Among the grand adornments of the City of Paris is the Church of Notre Dame, with its great towers, and elaborated rose windows, and sculpturing of the last judgment; with its trumpeting angels and rising dead; its battlements of quarter foil; its sacristy, with ribbed ceiling and statues of saints. But there was nothing in all that building which more vividly appealed to my plain republican tastes than the costly vestments which laid in oaken presses—robes that had been embroidered with gold and been worn by Popes and Archbishops on great occasions. There was a robe that had been worn by Pius VII. at the crowning of the first Napoleon. There was also a vestment that had been worn at the baptism of Napoleon III. As our guide opened the oaken presses and brought out these vestments of fabulous cost and lifted them up, the fragrance of the pungent aromatics in which they had been preserved filled the place with a sweetness that was almost oppressive. Nothing that had been done in stone more vividly impressed me than these things that had been done in cloth, and embroidery, and perfume. But to-day I open the drawer of this text, and I look upon the kingly robes of Christ, and as I lift them, flashing with eternal jewels, the whole house is filled with the aroma of these garments, which "smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces."

In my text the King steps forth. His robes rustle and blaze as he advances. His pomp, and power, and glory overmaster the spectator. More brilliant is He than Queen Vashti, moving amid the Persian Princes; than Marie Antoinette on the day when Louis XVI. put upon her the necklace of eight hundred diamonds; than Anne Boleyn the day when Henry VIII. welcomed her to his palace; all beauty and all pomp forgotten, while we stand in the presence of this imperial glory. King of Zion, King of earth, King of Heaven, King forever! His garments not worn out, not dust-bedraggled; but radiant, and jeweled, and redolent. It seems as if they must have been pressed a hundred years amid the flowers of Heaven. The wardrobes from which they have been taken must have been sweet with clusters of camphire, and frankincense, and all manner of precious wood. Do you not inhale the odors? Ay, ay. They smell of myrrh, and aloes; and cassia, out of the ivory palaces.

Your first curiosity is to know why the robes of Christ are odorous with myrrh. This was a bright-leaved, Abyssinian plant. It was trifoliate. The Greeks, Egyptians, Romans and Jews bought and sold it at a high price. The first present that was ever given to Christ was a sprig of myrrh, thrown on His infant bed in Bethlehem, and the last gift that Christ ever had was myrrh pressed into the cup of His crucifixion. The natives would take a stone and bruise the tree, and then it would exude a gum that would saturate all the ground beneath. This gum was used for purposes of merchandise. One piece of it, no larger than a chestnut, would whelm a whole room with odors. It was put in closets, in chests, in drawers, in rooms, and its perfume adhered almost indelibly to anything that was anywhere near it. So when in my text I read that Christ's garments smell of myrrh, I immediately conclude the exquisite sweetness of Jesus. I know that to many He is like any historical person, another out. Toward, another philanthropic Berlin, another Confucius, a grand subject for painting, a heroic theme for a poem, a beautiful form for a statue, but to those who have heard His voice, and felt His pardon, and received His benediction, He is music, and light, and warmth, and thrill, and eternal fragrance. Sweet as a friend sticking to you when all else betrays. Lifting you up while others try to push you down. Not so much like morning glories, that bloom only when the sun is coming up, nor like "four o'clocks," that bloom only when the sun is going down, but like myrrh, perpetually aromatic—the same morning, noon and night—yesterday, to-day, forever. It seems as if we can not wear Him out. We put on Him all our burdens, and afflict Him with our griefs, and set Him foremost in all our battles, and yet He is ready to lift, and to sympathize and to help. We have so imposed upon Him that one would think in eternal affront He would quit our soul; and yet to-day He addresses us with the same tenderness, dawns upon us with the same smile, pities us with the same compassion.

There is no name like His for us. It is more imperial than Caesar's, more musical than Beethoven's, more conquering than Charlemagne's, more eloquent than Cicero's. It throbs with all life. It weeps with all paths. It groans with all pain. It stoops with all condescension. It shines with all perfume. Who like Jesus to set a broken bone, to pity a homeless orphan, to nurse a sick man, to take a prodigal back without any scolding, to illumine a cemetery all plowed with graves, to make a queen unto God out of the lost woman of the street, to catch the tears of human sorrow in a lachrymatory that shall never be broken? Who has such an eye to see our need, such a lip to kiss away our sorrow, such a hand to snatch us out of the fire, such a foot to trample our enemies, such a heart to embrace all our necessities? I struggle for some metaphor with which to express Him. He is not like the bursting forth of a full orchestra; that is too loud. He is not like the sea when lashed to rage by the tempest; that is too boisterous. He is not like the mountain, its brow wreathed with the lightning; that is too solitary. Give us a softer type, a gentler comparison. We have seemed to see Him with our eyes, and to hear Him with our ears, and to touch Him with our hand. Oh, that to-day He might appear to some one of our five senses! Ay, the nostril shall discover His presence. He comes upon us like spice gales from Heaven. Yet, His garments smell of pungent, lasting and all-pervasive myrrh.

Oh, that you all knew His sweetness. How soon you would turn from your novels. If the philosopher leaped out of his bath in a frenzy of joy, and clapped his hands, and rushed through the streets, because he had found the solution of a mathematical problem, how will you feel leaping from the fountain of a Saviour's mercy and pardon, washed clean, and made white as snow, when the question has been solved: "How can my soul be saved?" Naked, frost-bitten, storm-lashed soul, let Jesus this hour throw around thee the "garments that smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces."

Your second curiosity is to know why the robes of Jesus are odorous with aloes. There is some difference of opinion about where these aloes grow, what is the color of the flower, what is the particular appearance of the herb. Suffice it for you and me to know that aloes means bitterness the world over, and when Christ comes with garments bearing that particular odor, they suggest to me the bitterness of a Saviour's sufferings. Were there ever such nights as Jesus lived through—nights on the mountains, nights on the sea, nights in the desert? Whoever had such a hard reception as Jesus had? A hostelry the first, an unjust trial in oyer and terminer another, a foul-mouthed, yelling mob the last. Was there a space on His back as wide as your two fingers where he was not whipped? Was there a space on His brow an inch square where He was not cut of the briars? When the spike struck at the instep, did it not go clear through to the hollow of the foot? Oh, long, deep, bitter pilgrimage. Aloes! Aloes!

John leaned his head on Christ, but who did Christ lean on? Five thousand men led by the Saviour; who fed Jesus? The

sympathy of a Saviour's heart going out to the leper and the adulteress; but who soothed Christ? Denied both cradle and birth-bed, He had a fit place neither to be born or to die, a poor babe! A poor lad! A poor young man! Not so much as a taper to cheer His dying hours. Even the candle of the sun snuffed out. Oh, was it not all aloes? All our sins, sorrows, bereavements, losses, and all the agonies of earth and hell picked up as in one cluster and squeezed into one cup, and that pressed to His lips until the acrid, nauseating, bitter draught was swallowed with a distorted countenance, and a shudder from head to foot, and a gurgling strangulation. Aloes! aloes! nothing but aloes. All this for Himself? All this to get the fame in the world of being a martyr? All this in a spirit of stubbornness because He did not like Caesar? No! no! All this because He wanted to pluck you and me from hell. Because He wanted to raise you and me to Heaven. Because we were lost and He wanted us found. Because we were blind and He wanted us to see. Because we were serfs and He wanted us manumitted. Oh, ye in whose cup of life the saccharine has predominated; oh, ye who have had bright and sparkling beverages, how do you feel toward Him who in your stead, and to purchase your disenfranchisement, took the aloes, the unsavory aloes, the bitter aloes?

Your third curiosity is to know why these garments of Christ are odorous with cassia. This was a plant that grew in India and the adjoining islands. You do not care to hear what kind of a flower it had or what kind of a stalk. It is enough for me to tell you that it was used medicinally. In that land and in that age, where they knew little about pharmacy, cassia was used to arrest many forms of disease. So, when in my text we find Christ coming with garments that smell of cassia, it suggests to me the healing and curative power of the Son of God. "Oh," you say, "now you have a superficial idea. We are not sick. Why do we want cassia? We are athletic. Our respiration is perfect. Our limbs are lithe, and in these cool days we feel that we could bound like the roe." I beg to differ, my brother, from you. None of you can be better in physical health than I am, and yet I must say we are all sick. I have taken the diagnosis of your case, and have examined all the best authorities on the subject, and I have come now to tell you that you are full of wounds, and bruises, and putrefying sores which have not yet been bound up, or mollified with ointment. The garments of sin are on us—the palsy, the dropsy, the leprosy. The man that is expiring to-night on Fulton street—the allopathic and homoeopathic doctors having given him up, and his friends now standing around to take his last words—is no more certainly dying as to his body than you are dying, unless we have taken the medicine from God's apothecary. All the leaves of this Bible are only so many prescriptions from the Divine physician, written, not in Latin, like the prescriptions of earthly physicians, but written in plain English, so that a man, though a fool, may not err therein. Thank God that the Saviour's garments smell of cassia.

Suppose a man were sick, and there was a phial on his mantelpiece with medicine he knew would cure him, and he refused to take it, what would you say to him? He is a suicide. And what do you say of him who, sick in sin, has the healing medicine of God's grace offered to him, and refuses to take it? If he dies he is a suicide. People talk as though God took a man and laid him out to darkness and death—as though He brought him up to the cliffs and then pushed him off. Oh, no. When a man is lost it is not because God pushes him off; it is because he jumps off. In the olden times a suicide was buried at the crossroads, and the people were accustomed to throw stones upon his grave. So it seems to me, there may be in this house a man who is destroying his own soul, and as though the angels of God were here to bury him at the point where the roads of life and death cross each other, throwing upon the grave the broken law and a great pile of misapproved privilege, so that those going may look at the fearful mound, and learn what a suicide he is when an immortal soul, for which Jesus died, puts itself out of the way.

When Christ trod this planet with foot of flesh, the people rushed after Him—people who were sick, and those who, being so sick they could not walk, were brought by their friends. Here I see a mother holding up her little child, and saying: "Cure this croup, Lord Jesus; cure this scarlet fever." And others saying: "Cure this ophthalmia. Give eyes and rest to this spinal distress. Straighten this club-foot." Christ made every house where He stopped a dispensary. I do not believe that in the nineteen centuries that have gone by since His heart has got hard. I feel that we can come now with all our wounds of soul and get His benediction. O Jesus, here we are. We want healing. We want sight. We want health. We want life. The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick. Blessed be God that Jesus Christ comes through this assemblage now. His "garments smelling of myrrh"—that means fragrance—"and aloes"—they mean bitter sacrificial memories—"and cassia"—that means medicine and cure; and according to my text, He comes "out of the ivory palaces."

You know, or if you do not know I will tell you now, that some of the palaces of the olden time were adorned with ivory. Ahab and Solomon had their homes furnished with it. The tusks of African and Asiatic elephants were twisted into all manners of shapes, and there were stairs of ivory and chairs of ivory and tables of ivory and floors of ivory and pillars of ivory and windows of ivory, and fountains that dropped into basins of ivory, and rooms that had ceilings of ivory. Oh, white and overmastering beauty! Green tree branches sweeping the white curbs. Tapestry trailing the snowy floors. Brackets of light flashing on the lustrous surroundings. Silvery music rippling to the beach of the arches. The mere thought of it almost stuns my brain, and you say: "Oh, if I could only have walked over such floors! If I could have thrown myself in such a chair! If I could have heard the drip and dash of those fountains!" You shall have something better than that if you only let Christ introduce you. From that place He came, and to that place He proposes to transport you, for His "garments smell of myrrh and aloes and cassia out of the ivory palaces."

Oh, what a place Heaven must be! The Tulleries of the French, the Windsor Castle of the English, the Spanish Alhambra, the Russian Kremlin, dungeons compared with it! Not so many castles on either side the Rhine as on both sides of the river of God, the ivory palaces. One for the angels, insufferably bright, winged, fire-eyed; tempest-charioted; one for the martyrs, with blood-red robes, from under their altar; one for the King, the steps of His palace, the crowns of the church militant; one for the singers, who lead the one hundred and forty and four thousand; one for you ransomed from sin; one for me, plucked from the burning. Oh, the ivory palaces!

To-day it seems to me as if the windows of those palaces were illumined for some great victory, and I look and see climbing the stair of ivory and walking on floors of ivory, and looking from windows of ivory, some whom we knew and loved on earth. Yes, I know them. They are fathers and mother, not eighty-two and seventy-nine years, as when they left us, but blithe and young as when on their marriage day, and there are brothers and sisters, merrier than when we used to romp across the meadows together. The cough gone. The cancer cured. The erysipelas healed. The heartbreak over. Oh, how fair they are in the ivory palaces! And your dear little children that went out from you—Christ did not let one of them drop as He lifted them. He did not wrench one of them from you. No. They went as from one they loved well to One whom they loved better. If I should take your little child and press its soft face against my rough cheek, I might keep it a little while; but when you, the mother, came along it would struggle to go with you. And so you stood holding your dying child when Jesus passed by in the room, and the little one sprang out to greet Him. That is all. Your Christian dead did not go down into the dust and the gravel and mud. Though it rained all that funeral day, and the water came up to the wheel's hub as you drove out to the cemetery, it

made no difference to them, for they stepped from the home here to the home there, right into the ivory palaces. All is well with them. All is well.

It is not a Christian out. Jesus makes the bed up soft with velvet promises, and He says: "Put her down here very gently. Put that head, which will never ache again, on this pillow of hallelujahs. Send up word that the procession is coming. Ring the bells. Ring! Open your gates, ye ivory palaces!" And so your loved ones are there. They are just as certain-ly there, having died in Jesus, as that you are here. There is only one thing more they want. Indeed, there is one thing in Heaven they have not got. They want it; what is it? Your company. But, oh, my brother, unless you change your track you can not reach that harbor. You might as well take the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, expecting in that direction to reach Toronto, as to go on in the way some of you are going, and yet you expect to reach the ivory palaces. Your loved ones are looking out of the windows of Heaven now, and yet you seem to turn your back upon them. You do not seem to know the sound of their voices as well as you used to, or to be moved by the sight of their dear faces. Call louder, ye departed ones. Call louder from the ivory palaces. When I think of that place, and think of my entering it, I feel awkward; I feel as sometimes, when I have been exposed to the weather, and my shoes have been benumbed, and my feet are soiled, and my hair is disheveled, and I stop in front of some fine residence where I have an errand. I feel not fit to go in as I am, and sit among polished guests. So some of us feel about Heaven. We need to be washed, we need to be rehabilitated before we go into the ivory palaces. Eternal God, let the surges of Thy pardoning mercy roll over us. I want Thy only to wash my hands and my feet, but, like some skittish diver standing on the pierhead, who leaps into the wave and comes up at a far-distant point from where he went in, so I want to go down and so I want to come up. Oh, Jesus, wash me in the waves of Thy salvation.

And here I ask you to solve a mystery that has been oppressing me for thirty years. I have asked of doctors of divinity who have been studying theology half a century, and they have given me no satisfactory answer. I have turned over all the books in my library, but got no solution to the question, and to-day I come and ask you for an explanation. By what logic was Christ induced to exchange the ivory palaces of Heaven for the crucifixion agonies of earth? I shall take the first thousand million years in Heaven to study out that problem. Meanwhile and now, taking it as the tenderest and mightiest of all facts that Christ did come, that He came with spikes in His feet, came with thorns in His brow, came with spears in His heart, to save you and to save me. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." O, Christ, whelm this audience with Thy compassion. Mow them down like summer grain with the harvesting sickle of Thy grace. Ride this day the conqueror, Thy garments smelling of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces.

O, sinner, fling every thing else away and take Christ! Take Him now, not to-morrow. During the night following this very day there may be an excitement in your dwelling, and a tremulous pouring out of drops from an unsteady and afrighted hand, and before to-morrow morning your chance may be gone.

ABUSING THE BRAIN.

Peccolier Afflictions Caused by Overworking the Mental Faculties.

A recent medical journal gives the report of a case of singular loss of memory in a young girl residing in New York. Sitting in her own room one day she took up a package of letters which she intended to answer, and was amazed to find that she could not remember the names or appearance of any of the writers, all of whom were her own personal friends. She was calm and sane, except upon this one point; her memory of persons seemed to be suddenly and wholly obliterated. She hastily descended to the room where the family was gathered for dinner, and found that she could not remember a single name or face, except that of her mother. Her father, sisters and brothers appeared to her as strangers, nor was it possible to recall them to her. The faculty of memory of persons appeared to be paralyzed. It was found by the physicians that this singular effect was produced by the lodgment of a clot of blood upon a certain part of the brain.

Another well-known mental disorder, which produces forgetfulness of words, results from abnormal pressure, or softening, in another part of the brain. The patient frequently takes one word, such as "Yes," or "Water," and repeats it a thousand times, imagining that he is conversing with fluency and ease.

Our object in citing these painful cases is to remind our young readers of a fact which they are apt to forget; that the brain is a physical organ as much as the eye or hand, and like them, can be, if they choose, overworked, damaged and wounded to the death. The lad at school would be regarded as a fool or madman if he should, every day, cut a tendon of his arm or inject a poisonous fluid into his eye, until the strength of one and the sight of the other should be destroyed. Yet his daily cigarette and tippie of wine and whisky are acting slowly and surely upon the tissues of the brain, paralyzing and crippling his mental strength.

This warning may seem a needless platitude to adult readers, but there are many young people who forget, or who do not know, that the vigor of intellectual life depends upon physical as well as spiritual conditions. The mind of each human being is a captive in his body; he can, if he will, by drinking, by overeating, or by debauchery, blind and cripple it, as did the Philistines their prisoner Samson. Or he can train and use the functions of his body as its slaves and tools, and so make of it a royal guest, fit for immortal rule.—*Youth's Companion*.

RESEATING CHAIRS.

How to Do It Neatly and a Comparatively Trifling Cost.

Sometimes one has cane-seat chairs, the frames of which are good, but their seats have given out. If one wishes to reseat such, neatly and cheaply, here is my method: Remove the old seat, cleaning out all the holes, and if the frames require painting or varnishing, do it now. Get some twine (do not know the name, but it is the same as florists and seedsmen use in tying parcels for shipment) about the size of wool twine, a pound costing twenty-five cents. With a darning needle threaded with a short piece of common twine, and this looped around the end of the heavy twine, draw your twine up through the hole at left hand back corner, then down through the corresponding one in front (consult one of the original seats for this information), up through the hole to the right of that, then down through the second one of the back and so on until the warp is all in and the threads drawn tightly. Then proceed in the same way from side to side, only you must weave these into the others alternately over and under.

I generally begin with the end right off the ball, pulling it along so as to make the warp without piecing, then unwind and cut off sufficient length to fill in, beginning at the back left hand corner, of course, and weave from back to front. This makes the seat of only one piece, but it may be pieced if necessary, by tying under the frame between holes and tucking the ends under the selvage stitches. To finish off, take a piece of the twine long enough to reach around the seat, then with some common twine well waxed, or better still a fine number of the same quality as the heavy twine, thread the darning needle, pass it up through the second hole from the right hand back corner, over the heavy cord and back through same hole. Repeat in every alternate hole around the frame, crossing the ends at the right hand back corner and fastening by a stitch. Fasten ends of small binding twine securely, cut ends of heavy binder close, and the work is complete, and if the twine is good and the work well done, will be durable.—*Orange Judd Farmer*.

A true perception of the Gospel is the entire forgetfulness of self, utter absence of any pretension, and the complete and entire refusal to accept the world's praise or judgment.—*General Gordon*.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

—Apple sauce or fried apples, sweet and white potatoes and tomatoes will blend with pork.

—The best way to educate a horse as a runaway is to leave him standing without being hitched.

—When the hurry of farm work ceases in autumn there are many opportunities to make improvements, for which the season is favorable and the time propitious.

—Figs should be pushed forward rapidly in growth before cold weather, as a matter of economy, heat being expensive in winter. The warmer the weather the lower the cost of production.

—Morning Glory Gems.—One egg, two tablespoonfuls melted butter, one cup sweet milk, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder. Bake fifteen minutes in gem tins.—*Albany Journal*.

—A wheat farmer should be a stock-raiser. The coarse crops raised on the farm can most profitably be fed to cattle, sheep or swine; the manure used to grow wheat, which in turn is consumed, as are the fattened stock, by man.

—Intelligent work alone can raise the farmer out of the rut. Laws may help, but the farmer must exert himself. It requires much more skill and intelligence to farm successfully now than it did formerly, and for a variety of reasons.

—All sorts of vessels and utensils may be purified from long-retained smells of any kind, in the easiest and most perfect manner, by rinsing them out well with charcoal powder after the grosser impurities have been scoured off with sand and water.

—Cutting dry corn fodder into one-half inch lengths does not add anything to its nutritive elements, but Prof. Henry has found by actual test that it will cause it to produce from ten to forty per cent. more butter. All that is here done is by mechanical means, putting the fodder in better shape for digestion. Digestion costs force, and force costs fodder.

—The frequent failure of red clover of late compels farmers to look for a substitute for pasture. Nothing better than rye. Sow it after wheat, early potatoes or oats. It gives late feed and early feed. Land intended for corn next year will afford two months' pasture in the fall and one month in the spring and a green crop to turn under—better than weeds.—*Farm Journal*.

—Salad Mixture.—Three eggs, well beaten; to this add one pint of vinegar, one pint cream, one tablespoonful of brown sugar, two dessert spoonfuls mustard, two dessert spoonfuls anchovy sauce, two dessert spoonfuls Harvey sauce, one saltspoonful of salt. Mix well altogether and bottle ready for use. If you can not get the above sauces any other will do, or use salad oil if preferred.—*American Garden*.

—By selecting the best animals and seeds of the best plants a constant improvement will be the result. By neglecting to do so, both animals and plants will degenerate. There is a tendency to always revert to the originals, which can only be prevented by the careful selection of the hardest, most perfect and best adapted to climatic influences. Every farmer in the country can assist in the work of improvement by giving attention to these matters.

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